GROW FOR MANY YEARS.

Not Until Fifty Does a Man Stop Increasing His Stature.

Recent statistics have proved that man's stature increases up to the age of fifty years. This is a refutation of the former belief, according to which men stopped growing at twenty-two or twenty-three.

"Boys and girls," said a surgeon, "vary oddly in the rapidity of their growth. The fastest growth experienced in life comes between the ages of one and five. Boys and girls grow about equally here.

"From five to ten the boys outstrip the girls, but from ten to fifteen the girls outstrip the boys. At eleven and fourteen the girls are the boys' superiors in hight, and from ten to fifteen they are the boys' superiors in weight.

"But between sixteen and twenty the boys forge ahead, taking at that age a lead which they never again relinquish. The boys cease their perceptible growth at twenty-three; the girls cease theirs at twenty.

"From twenty-three onward to fifty, men, however, continue to grow—no observations have been made on women—though this growth is, of course, slight. They also increase slowly in weight; but from fifty to sixty their weight increases very rapidly.

"Male strength increases most markedly from the age of twelve to that of nineteen; from nineteen to thirty it increases more slowly. From thirty onward it begins very slowly to decline.

"Female strength increases most rapidly from nine to nineteen; then slowly to thirty; and after thirty the decline begins."—Stray Stories.

Economize in Reading.

A French doctor affirms that the human brain is overtaxed by the professional writers. We have no consideration for the poor reader, says the Illustrated London News, but force him to labor through involved sentences, intricate spelling, much repetition and very long words. The doctor suggests that if we must use a long word like "tuberculosis" we should not inflict its appalling length upon the reader more than once, but indicate it by the initial letter "t." By this process an article might contain a large number of initial letters, and the reader would be constantly harking back to find what words begin with "p" and "q." Economy of time, says the French reformer, is most essential in reading. When you can make your meaning plainer by a diagram do not bother the public with the delicacies of your prose. I read a book lately by a professor of literature who turned much of Shakespeare into triangles and showed that one of his plots was a parallelogram. This was done, no doubt, in the interests of simplification, although the "s" of the "p" could scarcely have been apparent to a reader who chanced to be in a hurry. If you do not know what the "s" of the "p" means you had better economize your time by reading this paragraph all over again.

Alas!

"Will you let me kiss you?"

They sat side by side in the gloaming, quite close to each other, yet not so close but that it might have been possible to be closer. The sun had gone down behind the western hills, and the faint shadow of twilight was beginning to suggest itself in the recesses of the hills.

He was patient. He said to himself he would wait.

She did not answer, but looked out into the clear sky and the fleecy clouds as they sailed along the horizon. Of what was she thinking, he wondered, as he sat there. But never mind what it was, he would not hurry her. He would wait.

The distant call of the owl was heard, and along the lane in the distance came a procession of cows home from the pasture.

For a long time they sat thus, in deep silence, until she turned her eyes to his, wondering, questioning.

"Well?" he asked at last. "Will you?"

And she gathered herself up and prepared to leave.

"It is too late—now!" she said.—Smart Set.

Dog Had a Purpose.

Darkey language is not always elegant or grammatical, but it sometimes has a force which is unique. Some young men were standing in Fairmount park the other evening admiring a bull dog belonging to one of their party when a small white dog appeared. The bull dog pounced upon him, and in an instant the air resounded with the howls of the dog and the voices of the men trying to rescue the smaller animal. Finally the men succeeded in extricating the victim, which immediately flew down the road, the other dog in hot pursuit.

The crowd stood watching the race with breathless attention, when a colored man shouted, "He won't ketch him! He won't ketch him! Dat udder dog's got a purpose, he shuah has."

True enough, the dog "with a purpose" escaped.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The cases on record in which dogs have risked their lives to save their fellow creatures are almost as numerous as the acts of heroism chronicled in the annals of humanity. The finest medal that was ever struck would not have been too great a reward for the noble act performed by Budge, a spaniel, in in a recent Hoboken fire. Budge lived at 413 Fourteenth street, together with fifty carrier pigeons, a dozen fancy rabbits, and her own four puppies, only a few days old.

Before the building was well alight Mr. Seins, the landlord and owner of Budge, managed to escape with his family, but the carrier pigeons, the rabbits and the puppies were forgotten. Budge was absent at the time, but returned half an hour after the fire started.

For a moment she stood aghast at the flames, and then, realizing that her family was in dire danger, she dashed through the fire and in a moment returned carrying a badly blistered puppy. Her anxious face wore a look of quiet triumph as she left the little creature in a place of safety and once more returned to the burning building. Again she came back with another puppy, a little more singed this time, but also living. Her own hair was now ablaze, but, unmindful of the pain, she dropped the pup in the street and started back again.

But a young man who had stood by watching her caught the dog in his arms, and in spite of her frantic struggles to return to her perishing family refused to let her go. Had he done so she would have gone to her death.

So badly burned was the brave animal, that an ambulance was called, and she and the pups were taken to the dog hospital, where they were detained for nearly a week. Of all the live stock in that building the only creatures saved were the two puppies, and they owed their lives not to man but to what, in this instance at least, proved to be the nobler animal.

Mother love was the cause of the death of Daisy, a beautiful little fox terrior, the daughter of Mouse, a noted prize winner, the property of Col. G. A. Stevens, a millionaire. Daisy belonged to Capt. Woodall, who has charge of the barges of the New Jersey Ice company. Daisy was the mother of four puppies, which were born on New Year's day, and she was the proudest parent in all New York state.

In the second week of January last Capt. Woodall made the discovery that one of the puppies was dead, and when Daisy was away he threw the little corpse into the Hudson, but the tide was low and there was no current to carry it away. When the mother returned to her litter she instantly saw that one was missing. She went wild with anxiety, and raced from barge to barge looking for her lost puppy.

At last she caught sight of it bobbing up and down in the water, and in an instant she was after it. She swam to the side of the body, took it in her mouth and turned toward the shore. But the icy waters of the river were too much for the gently bred dog, and though she made the most heroic efforts to save herself and the puppy, which she fondly imagined still lived, it was no use, and after a little while she gave up the attempt as a bad job, and before help could come she sank, carrying the puppy with her.

Capt. Woodall was almost as grief stricken for his pet as Daisy had been for her offspring, and offered a big reward for the two bodies, which were secured by a boatman. An attempt was made to bring up the three little orphans on the bottle, which succeeded so well that they are now growing up and almost old enough to understand the story of their mother's heroism, which Capt. Woodall's little son is never tired of telling them.

Another case in which a dog made a heroic attempt to save the life of a friend was that of Jack, a wired haired terrior. After he had been in the family for a few months a stranger was introduced in the shape of a fluffy little black King Charles spaniel. Jack and the new arrival—who was called Queenie—became firm friends, sleeping in the same basket and eating from the same plate.

Queenie was devoted to the fire, and would lie inside the fender and go to sleep peacefully. Whenever Jack found her in this dangerous position he would look at her for a moment and then, taking her by the neck, would place her on the rug.

One evening he came to his master with a look of anxiety ,making a peculiar noise, half bark, half whine. He looked at his master for a moment and then left the room. Returning again he made the same noise and started for the door, looking back at every step. His master was busy just then and took no notice until for the third time he returned, when the master rose and followed him. The dog led the way through several passages and finally into the kitchen, walked up to the range, and placed one paw on the oven. The fire was out for the maids had gone to bed, and on opening the door there was Queenie at her last gasp. She had not been burnt, but simply suffocated.

Every effort was made to revive the dog, while Jack stood by with a look of the most intense anxiety on his face. But it was no use, and the little body was taken into the garden and laid upon the lawn. Jack gave one glance at his friend, put his nose to hers, then ran off. He was not seen again for three days, when he returned dirty, bedraggled and lame. Never did he ever enter that kitchen again. He had made a noble effort to save his friend, and it was not his fault that the density of one man's comprehension had prevented his succeeding.

Civic Pride.

Congressman Slayden of Texas is telling his friends how he learned from a little girl of 6 years how much New York people thought of their city. He was at the house of one of his New York acquaintances, whose daughter had begun to attend school a few weeks ago.

"And what have you been learning at school Agnes?" he asked her.

Then she proceeded to tell him about spelling and reading and her other studies, but she seemed to be interested in geography more than anything else. The points of the compass occupied all her thoughts now.

"North's that way, teacher said," and Agnes pointed her finger. "It's not exactly right up Fifth avenue, but a little that way."

"Now, don't you think the avenue ought to have been built north and south?" Congressman Slayden asked.

"Oh, well, was the reply, and there was not a trace of a smile, "I s'pose they'll change north and south to fit Fifth avenue before long."—New York Times.

OLD PLAYING CARDS

SPECIMENS FROM AN ENGLISHMAN'S COLLECTION.

Some Rare and Curious Devices Among Them—Theories as to the Introduction of Cards Into Europe—Brought in by Gypsies.

Collecting rare and curious old playing cards is quite a hobby with many people who have found them an exceedingly interesting and instructive study. The designs shown herewith are reproductions of some of the playing cards in the possession of Mr. I. Falcke, an English gentleman, whose collection has been pronounced exceedingly fine. Mr. Falcke has three packs of playing cards made of solid

A Colored Two of Hearts.

silver that are interesting, not only on account of their intrinsic value and artistic merit, but on account of their peculiar use.

The persecuted Jews of the Middle Ages were not permitted to share in the trades and recreations of the nations among whom they lived. Thrown back on their own resources they became money lenders, and during the entire week pursued their calling. On Sunday, the day of rest and recreation, they played cards with each other, and as the tearing of paper would have signified "the breaking of the Sabbath," they played with silver cards to avoid this accident.

Cards have been made in the most diverse materials, silver, leather, paper, wood, parchment and cardboard all have been used in their manufacture.

The majority of the fanciful cards were of French manufacture, and bear witness to the versatility and ingenuity of French imagination and wit; for the most part they embody the political, social and religious questions of the day.

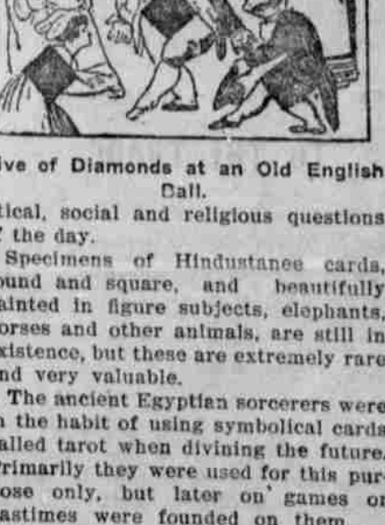
Five of Diamonds at an Old English Ball.

Specimens of Hindustanee cards, round and square, and beautifully painted in figure subjects, elephants, horses and other animals, are still in existence, but these are extremely rare and very valuable.

The ancient Egyptian sorcerers were in the habit of using symbolical cards called tarot when divining the future. Primarily they were used for this purpose only, but later on games or pastimes were founded on them.

There are two theories as to the introduction of playing cards into Europe. One theory, and this one is the more probable, is that playing cards were brought to the West from Egypt by the Zingari or gypsies. The second theory is that cards were reinvented in Europe in 1392, under the following circumstances:

Charles VI. of France had the misfortune to become insane, and his attendants and courtiers were at their wits' ends as to "how to minister to a mind diseased." One of them finally invented a game with symbolical figures and numerals, and paid an artist 56 sous to paint three packs to his order. These cards soothed many hours for the unhappy king, and by their interest awakened his stagnant senses. The advent of the Spaniards to America was accompanied by playing cards introduced by Christopher Columbus, who dearly loved a game of chance, as may readily be imagined by those who know the history of the great navigator.—New York World.



A Clerical Ten of Spades.

GOAT ATE BRIDE'S VEIL.

After Diet of Crape From Doorbells the Lace and Smilax Were Good.

Miss Amelia Paschinski of East Twenty-second street, Bayonne, N. J., and Adam Weiner, an industrious boilermaker, were married at the Polish Catholic church on Friday afternoon. After the ceremony scores of their friends blocked their way to the carriage, kissing the bride and hugging the bridegroom.

The bride felt several tugs at her veil, which hung to the ground and was ornamented with smilax, pinks and roses. After an unusually severe tug she turned her head and saw a venerable billygoat, his mouth full of veil and smilax and his whiskers wiggling in time to the rapid mastication.

The bride screamed and gathered up her skirts, fled into the coach. The goat received a few hard kicks but managed to get away with a yard of smilax and another yard of bridal veil.

It is believed that this is the same goat which has stolen crepe from many door-knobs recently.—New York World.

Canadian and High Place.

Rear Admiral Sir Charles Drury, who recently took the place of Admiral Sir John Fisher as second lord of the admiralty, is a Canadian. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Whitehead of torpedo fame, and an aunt of Princess Bismarck.

Praying for Rain.

The person suspended from the beam by the feet is a Hindu fakir, or holy man, praying to the gods for rain.

"Rain" of Butterflies.

Milan has just been the scene of a remarkable "rain," or downfall, of butterflies or moths. They settled in tens of thousands on almost every available inch of space on the ground and on the buildings of the central quarters of the city. The insects are described as perfectly black and marvelously active. Their presence is ascribed to an air current swept along in front of a hurricane.

Hard on Russian Lovers.

Kisses are actionable in southern Russia. A kiss in the street car costs the indiscreet osculator a fine of $3. To embrace one's fiancee in public is a privilege valued at $2.40. A declaration of a "great passion" by postal card is subject to a fine of $2.40.

Clairvoyants in a Trust.

Clairvoyants in New York have formed a trust. Owing to the advance in the price of raw materials it is going to cost more to look into the future than it did when things were cheap.

The World Is Small.

At a popular European watering place a lonely New Yorker one day this summer placed this notice in a conspicuous place: "Wanted, some one to play bridge with," and an address. He had three replies, and when the party sat down it was found that, although no one knew another, three of the party came from the same election district in New York city.

Rare and Curious Relic.

J. W. Cilley of Winooski, Vt., has a piece of gum copal in which a fly was embedded. As this article of commerce is only found now buried deep in the ground in Africa, where once it flourished on the gum copal tree, now long extinct as a growing vegetable produce, the piece is no doubt thousands of years old.

Old Settlers' Reunion.

In a store at North Newport, N. H., recently, might have been seen three men, natives of the village, and a maid from Kelleyville, talking over old times. The combined ages of the four aggregated 366 years.